

HIGH ART or HUSBAND?

What Broke A \$35,000,000 Marriage

WILL the million-dollar estate that Robert Wilson Goelet is offering to his beautiful wife win her back to him? The members of fashionable society in this country are wondering whether "Bobby" Goelet's latest bid for his wife's favor will prove successful in the contest between her desire for freedom and an artistic career and Bobby's desire for her to return to him as his wife.

It all depends, says society, on how ardent her desire to go on with her painting and how deep and wide the chasm between them has grown during the four months that Mrs. Goelet has maintained a separate establishment at Newport. During these months her husband, loving her dearly and yearning to go with her, has divided his time between his Canadian camp and the new estate he is developing near Goshen, N. Y., always planning new ways of lavishing money on the girl he married.

On one side in this interesting contest is the husband offering his wares in the warmest tones of love, says the Washington Post.

"Take all I have, oh, my beloved. Here are my ducats, 35,000,000 of them; here is my Newport mansion; my house on Fifth avenue; my opera box, and all the jewels of the Goelet family. All this I offer you if you will but give up your art and return to me."

But the obdurate wife, whose soul yearns to express itself in high art rather than love, looks from her latest canvas and says:

"Away with your wealth! Away with your temptations! I feel within me the desire to become a great artist. I gave up my career to marry you. I have given you two children, and have been a gracious hostess for you. But now I must have freedom. I must be left to fulfill my own destiny."

The present unhappy state of affairs is not of recent growth; it is, in a way, the logical outcome of the marriage of these two young people, which took place nine years ago. And to understand it fully it is necessary to dip a bit into ancient social history.

Nine years ago Elsie Whelen, daughter of the late Henry Whelen, of Philadelphia, was the most noted beauty belle in the Newport colony, as well as in Philadelphia. Her beauty was as well known in England and on the continent as in this country. She was besought by suitors of all kinds and degrees. With her great beauty and her undoubted social position, she lacked but the one thing needful, in the worldly eyes of her mother and her friends, and that was wealth.

A woman in society has, when placed as Elsie Whelen was placed, but one way to acquire wealth, and that is to marry it. Her own desires did not run toward the possession of great wealth, but her mother was keenly alive to the high financial value her world placed on such beauty and charm as her younger daughter possessed, and she made up her mind the year that Elsie came out that she should marry the richest bachelor society had to offer—Robert Goelet, son of the late Ogden Goelet, of New York.

Tremendously in Love.

Mrs. Whelen did not have a free field, but in the end the prize fell to Elsie, for the simple reason that young Goelet was tremendously in love with her. He knew that her mother was forcing the match, and so that the beautiful Elsie was very much in love with another man whose name also was Bobby; but, in spite of all, he persisted in his suit, and at last the much-besieged girl said yes.

Three times between the announcement of the engagement and the day of the wedding Miss Whelen broke her engagement (giving as her reason each time her desire to become an artist), but renewed it under the urgings of her mother and her lover.

The wedding took place at a little church outside of Philadelphia—St. Martin's-in-the-Field. Thousands of curious folk flocked to the place and surrounded the bride on her way to and from the church door. Peanut vendors and lemonade sellers ranged themselves along the roadway, adding the last circus touch to the affair.

The old-time love story would end here: "Thus they married and lived happily ever after." But these are modern times and this is a modern story of domestic life, where the real tale begins after the wedding ceremony.

The young husband, so very much in love, began lavishing his wealth on his bride as soon as the honeymoon began. He apparently realized that, as it was his millions which won her in the first place, it would be his millions that would keep her. And he also realized that he must kill the specter of the other Bobby and her love for art.

In Europe he deluged her with gifts—jewels that made his sister, the Duchess of Roxburghe, look at him with consternation. His expenditures were so large that his mother felt constrained to rebuke him; but to all criticism he said:

"My millions are my own to do as I please with, and if it pleases me to shower them on my bride, that is my affair."

But it was a difficult honeymoon, for every time the bride looked pensive her husband would say to himself:

"Ha! ha! The artistic temperament is working again. I must fly to the jeweler's or all is lost."

This nuptial phase passed after a few months, and for two or three years the millionaire husband felt secure; but, to be on the safe side, he continued to lavish jewels and checks on his wife. Her dress allowance was practically unlimited.

Said one Newport matron to her one day: "My dear Mrs. Goelet, do tell me how you manage your dress allowance. I am always overdrawing mine."

And Mrs. Goelet replied:

"Dress allowance! I have none. I have never been able to spend my income during any year since my marriage."

When young Goelet vowed in the wedding service that with all his worldly goods he did his wife endow, he evidently meant it. Two children were born; the last is now two years of age. On the birth of this second child the happy husband gave his wife a new pearl necklace that cost over \$100,000. And now, explains a close friend of both the young people, for the first time a gift failed to please the wife.

"Elsie just picked it up, looked at it, and said, 'I would so much rather have a studio fitted up with the money that cost.'"

"Ye gods!" cried the husband, "Has that ghost not been completely laid?"

"No," replied the mother of his son and heir. "It is very much alive. I am more determined than ever to paint a great picture, and I shall turn my library into a studio as soon as I can."

"Do you not love your children, if you do not love me?" sadly asked her generous husband.

"How do I know what and whom I love? I feel that there is something within me driving me to art. I must express myself on canvas. And what right have you to kill this instinct? As for my children, of course I love them. That is but natural. But any woman can have children and love

them. It is the genius among women who can paint pictures, and I know that I am cut out to do a great picture."

Was there ever a more trying position for any husband? Things went from bad to worse after this score, but the crucial moment was reached in June, when Mrs. Goelet arrived in Newport without her husband, but with a grim determination to pursue high art at all costs.

But just before this the husband, whose millions had been devoted to making the girl happy whom he had wed, sprang a surprise on her. It was as though he was making the one last effort to keep her. He invited her to motor with him out in the country. When they were near Goshen he slowed down the car, and, pointing to a superb view of hill and valley, with lovely woodland and meadows, he said:

"Offers Her \$1,000,000 Home."

"Here, my dear. Does this beautiful view appeal to you? Doesn't it make your soul throb with joy just to look at it?"

"Yes, it is very pretty; but I cannot see any picture in it."

"It is all a picture to me," replied her husband. "And because it is, I bought it for you. All this view is yours. Here I will build a house that will cost \$1,000,000 if you will but give up your desire to be an artist."

"Your millions no longer have the power to kill my artistic temperament. Oh, I could live in a hut so long as I have a brush and paints!"

This episode made very clear to the husband that nothing he had to offer would now affect his wife. Sadly he returned to New York, and shortly afterward his wife and children went to Newport.

They have been there all summer, and rumor has it that Mrs. Goelet will keep her residence in that town all winter. In July Mr. Goelet went to his Canadian camp. As a last desperate appeal to his beautiful wife he sent her several salmon that he had caught with his own hands, but she could not be won even with salmon any more than with pearls.

All summer, while her friends have been making a great effort to kill her interest in art, and while her mother has been urging her anew to think of the value of the wealth she seems to be throwing aside, the would-be artist

has been painting steadily under the tutelage of a well-known artist. She uses the studio belonging to Henry Clews, Jr., who has been in Paris, and every engagement she has made has been contingent upon the progress of her great painting.

No one knows what the subject is—whether it is a portrait, a landscape, or a real life study. The Clews studio is secluded from general view, and no one can go near enough to peek in without being discovered.

But all this time this has been in progress the work on the "Picture Estate," as the Goshen place is called, goes merrily on. The house is built on plans once drawn by Mrs. Goelet when she was a girl, and used to dream of the kind of a house she wanted some day to have. The grounds are being copied from those of a chateau in France, which she once said were the most lovely in the world.

Was there ever a more lavish, a more devoted husband?

"All this I give to you. Already have I given you houses and lands, jewels, and ducats. But to all these I add this last gift—a thousand acres and more picture land, a house that fulfills your girlish dreams, and a garden that may, if you say so, be the Garden of Eden for me. Do you refuse all this just for art?"

What will the answer be? Will the bride who was won by millions, who was kept by millions, and who was lost because of these same millions, be won by them?

"Mending Slowly."

She—And how is your bachelor friend?

He—When I saw him last he was mending slowly.

She—Indeed! I didn't know he'd been ill.

He—He hasn't been; he was sewing some buttons on his clothes.

PLAN NOW FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO THE LOVED ONES

ALREADY preparations are under way for Christmas by those who wish to save themselves, as well as others, the strain of the hurry and worry that comes each year at the last hour. It has grown so strenuous in the large cities that there is a revolt coming. The barbarous crowding, and the merciless overwork with which we tax ourselves, the postmen, the expressmen and, most of all, the shop girls, at what should be the merriest time of the year, are utterly inconsistent. But give gifts we will, so make up your mind to begin early and to give simple ones.

The humble ten-cent store is immensely useful in providing the beginnings of some pretty and useful little gifts. Take to it early. Here is a pin cushion and a hairpin holder that migrated from the ten-cent store to the clever and tasteful fingers that fashioned them into things worth while. For the hairpin holder is a bisque doll's head, with flaxen hair, which by means of narrow ribbon and



crochet yarn has been converted into this pretty and convenient affair for the dressing table. The hair at each side is tied with a little bow of ribbon. There is a hole in the top of the head into which a small hairpin is thrust and bent so that it stays in place. Ribbon, fastened through this, serves to suspend the head. The small holes provided for sewing the head to a body serve to hold ribbon in place, and it is run through them, across the front of the neck, over the shoulders and across the back.

Using a chain stitch the heavy yarn loops of crocheted chain are fastened to the ribbon over the shoulders and fastened across the front and back. Hairpins are easily thrust into the loops and hang from them in all sizes and kinds. This proves a real convenience and is attractive.

Foundations of cushions in all sorts of shapes are to be had at the ten-cent store. This long one is covered

with flowered ribbon stretched on smooth. Cluny lace in an open pattern is sewed on the under side of the cushion and brought up at each side and at the ends, where it is pinned to place with ordinary pins. A small rosette of baby ribbon sewed to one corner is used for finishing this cushion.

Square cushions, that are very pretty, are covered with bits of plate silk or ribbon. Squares of serim embroidered with floss or having a ribbon design worked on them make pretty coverings to be placed over the silk. Serim can be washed. The most elegant of covers are of linen, hand-embroidered. Two pieces are made, usually with eyelet holes worked in them. One covers the top and one the bottom of the cushion. Ribbon laced through the eyelets fastens them together.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DRAPERY FOR THE WINDOWS

Color Scheme Always the Most Important of Highly Essential Ornamentation.

Silk of a color that harmonizes with the room and is of a light quality makes a charming finish as side drapery on the windows, but is not essential, unless the room is very plain and hard looking, and the silk should not be extended over the window to exclude the light. The old style of having the drapery meet across the window at the top and held back half way down by loops is out of date. There are excellent designs also in a thin, silky madras that looks well in on the windows, and many other cotton draperies that are suitable and will not keep out too much light cost a great deal less than real silk. Bought by the yard these are far less expensive than when bought made up in curtain form, and, as the modern and very sensible fad is to have the curtains reach only to the sill of the window, you do not have to buy very many yards.

Popularity of Amber.

Amber is at the top notch of popularity. This is significant in view of the fact that champagne is the popular spring color in Paris for gowns, suits, etc., and that tan is so well thought of in this country.

In point of fact, however, amber has been slowly but surely winning public favor for a year or more. Starting with a mere spark, this favor has increased to a flame, then become a blaze and now bids fair to finally amount to a positive conflagration.

Scald the Wool.

Before mending stockings with ordinary darning yarn, it is a good plan to scald the skein or card over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. By this means the steam effectually shrinks the wool and when the stocking is sent to the wash there will be no thought of the mended portion shrinking away or tearing the surrounding part.

Marabout Feathers in Lieu of Furs.



NECK pieces and muffs of marabout or down are made up in many different designs. They are beautiful and surprisingly warm and cozy. The "feel" of marabout is warm, and it is wonderful that anything so light could afford so much protection. It seems as if heat resides in them in some way.

"Natural marabout" is the term applied to a silky down of a dark brownish gray color. It is made up with dyed or natural ostrich, or by itself, into stoles and capes and fancy neck pieces and into large flat muffs. White marabout is also natural. Besides these, it is dyed into all the fashionable colors. It is used in bands for trimming and has before it a very successful season. It will be used in place of fur for trimming hats and gowns.

A very handsome and showy set is pictured here, suitable for evening or for other very dressy wear. White marabout and white ostrich with black ostrich make up the set. The scarf is extra long, finished with tails made of the marabout. The muff is an ex-

cellent example of the usual type of marabout muffs. Plain shapes are more attractive than fancy shapes and they are much prettier when undecorated.

In spite of its airy and fragile appearance, marabout wears very well. It is very much less expensive than fur. If one has only a small amount of money to invest in a neck piece and muff marabout makes a much better showing than furs at the same price. Neckpieces may be had at from \$8 to \$18, and muffs at about the same price. Extra long and fine pieces, or a liberal use of ostrich trimming, brings the price up. For \$15 a very fair-looking set may be bought either plain or with some ostrich trimming.

In the fancy colors and in white with ostrich trimming, prices are higher. A set with an extravagant length of stole and much fine ostrich, like that pictured, sells for not less than \$50. Even so, there is no fur that will answer the same purpose which costs anything like as little.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

AN ILLINOIS CASE

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Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

Residents of Ocean City, N. J., have voted to erect a new city hall.

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Ohio broke a record last year by mining more than 34,500,000 short tons of coal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, whooping cough.

Not There.
"Dearie, the doctor says I need some change."
"Well, you needn't go looking through my pockets for it."

Still Something Lacking.
"Dobbs says he is a man of action."
"And so he is. Dobbs can use more gestures and less common sense in an argument than any other man I ever saw."

How It Happened.
"How did Rattlepate lose his money?"
"Bad investment."
"What sort?"
"He backed three aces against a flush."—Indianapolis Star.

Went Him One Better.
Attendant (in British Museum):
"This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero." American Tourist—"Pshaw! that's nothing. Why in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil with which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the Ark."

To Clean Light Woolen.
Make a mixture of cornmeal, a handful of borax, and half a cake of magnesia. Mix this dry, and scrub the goods with it. To clean wool shawls, sweaters, etc., sprinkle the mixture over the garment, place inside a sheet folded several times, and beat lightly. It is surprising how much the borax assists in the cleaning process.

Breakfast Sunshine Post Toasties and Cream

There's a delicious smack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

Toasties are untouched by hand in making; and come in tightly sealed packages—clean and sweet—ready to eat with cream and sugar.

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Beauty and the Beast.